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AT HOME AND ABROAD

JUNE · 1941

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At Home and Abroad

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Vol. CXXXVII **JUNE, 1941** **No. 6**

Our Cover

Our cover picture is that of the Sultan Ahmet Mosque of Istanbul—a famous Mohammedan edifice built in the period 1609–14, some 160 years after the Moslem conquest of Constantinople.

From the minarets of this "Blue Mosque" the few square miles of Europe left to free peoples may be seen. All the rest of that teeming continent squirms beneath the tyranny of Hitler.

What will be seen from these minarets toward the south and east? What will happen to Turkey, Irak, Iran and India; what to Syria, Palestine, Egypt and Africa? What of the Church of Christ? What of our own mission work?

God alone knows. Possibly the old old story of the Flood will be enacted again and a chosen few saved for the Kingdom—a new race of the Faithful in Jesus! The day of miracles is by no means passed for ever. And God cares!

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Knowing the Greeks and Yugoslavs of America

By George E. White of Omaha, Nebraska

President-Emeritus of Anatolia College
Salonica, Greece

A FEW evenings ago Mrs. White and I went to see a moving picture show. At a convenient point there was a pause in the program, a young man stepped forward and made a clear, crisp statement regarding the war situation of the Greeks. Several comely girls, whose costumes suggested the Near East, moved along the aisles, taking a collection for Greek War Relief. Everybody in the audience seemed very willing to have that small interruption and to contribute something like the value of a movie ticket to the cause. That plan was followed every day for a week in all the leading movie houses of this city, the collections amounting to $2000, and Saturday evening at midnight there was a specially prepared benefit program which brought $3500 additional. It all seemed to me handsomely generous for this city.

The next day, Sunday, my wife and I attended worship in the Greek and Yugoslav churches instead of our usual place. We were received with much courteous friendliness and in some respects felt a bit of Americanization, e.g., in the seating and the singing by a chorus of mixed voices.

A little later came a league meeting of the Minister's Union with about seventy substantial ministers representing the leading evangelical denominations of America. I asked how many had ever attended a Greek church service and there were one or two rather hesitant affirmative indications. I asked how many had ever attended a Yugoslav service and the response was less. But there are about 500,000 Greeks in America and I suppose a larger number of Yugoslavs, besides representatives of all the other nationalities of the Eastern Church area. In general they have no God but the Father; no Savior but Jesus Christ; no sacred day but our Sabbath; no sacred book but the Bible; and the creeds, Apostolic and Nicene, which they continually use in their churches, were used there long before our churches adopted them. Most of the people of the Slav world belong to one or another of these Eastern Churches if to any. They are eager for American friendship and will come as far to meet Americans

as Americans will go to meet them if we do not wear an inhumanly high hat.

The ministers of this city received cordially a suggestion to feature the Eastern Churches at one meeting and to invite attendance by ecclesiastics of those churches. A repetition of such friendly acquaintance or intimacy by theological students in the Omaha Seminary has been also cordially received.

Think now of Anatolia College with which I have been connected in one relation or another for about five full decades. Our plant was occupied in September by a record attendance of over 400 students, boys and girls. When Mussolini cracked down in October it was emptied of students and their places were taken by about 400 sick and wounded soldiers and their medical staff, and then was emptied entirely of its occupants when Hitler cracked down in April.

I submit that when Mussolini and Hitler go home where they belong the Greeks and other Near Easterners in America, and Americans in Thessaloniki and the Near East, will probably be more intimate and helpful than they have ever been before.

The Church in China Grows

By Alice Browne Frame of Peiping

In spite of the fact that some of us have spent many anxious hours "astride the wall," the Christian church has been growing even here in occupied China. Wherever it has been possible to maintain them at all, Christian schools have been crammed to the bursting point—sometimes it would seem beyond!

That is true of our hospitals, too, with a good many gunshot wounds in addition to the ordinary diseases. Have any of you read *Mission Station, Tehchow* (which you can get from the American Board, 14 Beacon Street, Boston), in which a brilliant young new refugee surgeon from Vienna gives his impressions of our big Tehchow Hospital and the other work centering around that little Shantung church? Read it, then. It will surprise and thrill you.

The Christian church has struck its roots deep in the soil of China. The temporary withdrawal of foreign helpers may stimulate it to new growth and independence.

When I look each morning into the faces of the intent, bright-eyed, smiling group of young men and women layworkers from some of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches near here who are members of the institute we are holding over in the village, and hear them discuss the problems of the little churches and Christian communities they represent, I feel a tremendous confidence in the future of the Christian church in North China.

★ ★ ★

Our "Most Needed" College

By Pres. Judson L. Cross of Tougaloo

In its area, Tougaloo is the *most needed* of any of our six Congregational Christian colleges in the South. The presidents and deans of Fisk, Dillard, LeMoyne, Talladega, Tougaloo and Tillotson came to this conclusion last year at their annual conference.

Some of the reasons for this are as follows: Tougaloo is the only liberal arts college for Negroes in Mississippi—a state with over one million Negro inhabitants and slightly under a million whites; a state in which twenty-five out of eighty-two counties have no recognized high school facilities for Negro youth; where there are some 470,000 educable Negro children as over against less than 380,000 educable white children; where the total expenditure for public schools for whites is above twelve million dollars and that for Negroes less than one million and a half—a ratio of nine dollars and eighty-eight cents per white to only one dollar per Negro child; where though the number of educable Negro Americans exceeds that of our white American children the average amount spent on each educable white child out of the sum appropriated by the legislature is thirty-seven dollars per child, while the amount spent per Negro child is but three dollars and thirty seven cents.

In the state in which Tougaloo is located there are not far from 10,000 teachers for white children in the public schools, and less than 6,000 teachers for Negro children—and of these only 600 are college graduates, 2,330 on the college level and some 3,000 below, many of them, in fact, even below high school level. And as for Mississippi's 115,000 Negro youth of high school age only 9,072 are enrolled in any high school; in fact, ninety-two per cent are enrolled in no high school whatsoever.*

Thus it is not difficult to understand why in its particular area there is such a tremendous, almost tragic need of Tougaloo College.

And to meet this need we have not a few encouragements. This oldest Negro college in the state (founded in 1869 by the

*These facts are culled from *The Mississippi Educational Journal* of Dec., 1940, page 49; and from *School and Society*, Feb. 1, 1941, pp. 152–153.

President and Mrs. Cross stand in the garden of their residence at Tougaloo, Alabama. They look back upon their six years of service in and through the College with gratitude and toward the things ahead with renewed courage and conviction. To them the past is but an earnest of the future

American Missionary Association) has set the standards for Negro education from primary grade up through the college. It stands alone as the only liberal arts college for Negroes in Mississippi to be accredited by The Southern Association of Colleges.

Student enrolment is still comparatively low—including the Tougaloo High School and practice laboratory school our total population on the campus on a school day is 442—yet Tougaloo has steadily grown during the past six years. The number of students in the college department has increased about fifty per cent, in spite of a slight increase in tuition and fees, and with a more careful method of selection. In fact, Tougaloo is closing this spring its best year of the six years of this administration, both academically and financially, and especially in the attitude and spirit of both staff and students.

This does not mean that all our problems are solved or that we need money no longer from our special friends, but it does account for an enthusiastic annual meeting of our trustees held a few weeks ago.

This spring Tougaloo College played host to a conference of educational leaders from the North as well as from the South.

Attending were representatives of the State Department of Education for Negroes, the presidents of the two State-supported colleges for Negroes with mem-

Above is a Housing Group of Tougaloo College. A committee composed of students and faculty members was recently appointed to study location, material, available resources, including lumber from the college forest, type of houses, labor, supervision and ways and means. The whole project was placed before the students and faculty at a college assembly, with pen and ink sketches of certain types of houses that would fit into the Mississippi environment, and a prize contest for the best plan submitted was inaugurated. It is hoped that eventually a house will be planned by the students and faculty built partially from material growing on the campus and erected under the supervision of a staff member, and by student labor

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Below is a farm group at Tougaloo with President Cross. Faculty members and students have been working together in soil analysis, study of crops, markets, the possibility of truck gardening, a larger dairy and facilities for the provision of meat, poultry, eggs, vegetables and other products needed in the college dining hall

bers of their faculties, the Executive Secretary of the American Missionary Division of the Congregational Christian Home Board of Missions, a member of said Board and of the faculty of Teachers College at Columbia, trustees of Tougaloo with the president and dean of the College.

Facts concerning the educational opportunities for Negroes in Mississippi, or rather the lack of such opportunities, were set before us concretely and vividly by the representatives of the State Board—we have mentioned above some of these—and much thought was given to Tougaloo's place and function in our State's educational program. The conference was very constructive and gratifying; and as a result we press on with more assurance than ever in our work of re-evaluating Tougaloo's resources and liabilities for future service, in revising our curriculum and organization and in meeting in other ways the needs and opportunities that so certainly challenge us.

Macedonia Church

In the red clay hills of northern Georgia, Macedonia Congregational Church is serving the needs of a rural parish composed largely of sharecroppers. No one knows just where the shares will come from; probably, like the lost chord, it may be in heaven. Exploitation by once prosperous landowners has reduced the farm land to galled hillsides, yawning gullies, and tumble-down shacks which were once homes. These people hardly see a dollar from one end of the year to the next. Eroded land means eroded people.

Onto this field in 1931 came Rev. T. L. Leverett, who early discovered this people needed remedies for the body as well as for the soul. Out of the greatness of his soul he began to apply these remedies. This was the beginning of the movement of which we now wish to speak.

He was followed by Rev. and Mrs. Alan Jones who, having many missionary-minded friends in their home state of New Jersey and other northern states, were able to secure desperately needed clothing as well as generous boxes of toys and serviceable articles for the children. Thus many children and adults who could not attend church, Sunday School, or the public school due to lack of clothing were enabled to do so.

Reaching these needy people properly was made possible through the unselfish and untiring work of Mrs. J. P. Mahaffey.

She is also the moving spirit of the Sunday School. These people received the help with almost pathetic appreciation. They have shown that appreciation by faithful attendance at Sunday school and preaching service. Often the children walk two and three miles to church on bitterly cold winter days.

In a radius of ten miles, it is said, Macedonia has greater life and is doing more to serve the real needs of the people than any other church in the whole area. The people show their appreciation by working on the church grounds, setting out shrubbery, cleaning the cemetery, covering the church. By her work in this connection and with the children Mrs. Mahaffey now has forty children in the primary class in midwinter, whereas a few years ago there were not that many in the whole Sunday School.

Keeping in touch with northern friends she is able to hold a Christmas tree for the parish each year. Thus those who would otherwise get absolutely nothing are able to enjoy a glorious Christmas. In this way untold blessings are brought to a needy and appreciative rural folk. Many say this kind of service is not appreciated and that it saps vitality rather than helps the recipient. Here is living testimony that such is not the case.

The heartfelt thanks of a church and the whole parish go out to our great-hearted friends in the North. Drop in on us on State Highway No. 53 out of Gainsville some day.

The present pastor, Malcolm White, and his lovely wife, are carrying on the pastoral work, fitting perfectly in the ideals established for the parish.

Cuts of Churches Available

THE Board of Home Missions has on file in New York fine screen cuts of hundreds of our churches. These will not appear again in our publications and are doing no good in New York. They will be gladly given to any churches that desire to use them. All that is necessary is to send a postal to J. R. Scotford, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City making the request. If a cut comes, please mail back the postage. If no cut comes, it means that there is none of your particular church.

The Church of the Pilgrimage from Burial Hill, Plymouth, where the forefathers of the Mayflower sleep

Democracy

THE CHILD OF THE CHURCH

THE churches which our spiritual forefathers brought to these shores were the first self-governing institutions to be established in the Americas. They were test tubes in which the principles of democracy were demonstrated. The congregationally-ruled church set the pattern for the town meeting, and this in turn was the seed from which developed the self-governing state.

Democracy has achieved its greatest successes in the church. In our own fellowship there are

272 congregations which are in their third century of existence and twenty-seven which are edging into their fourth. What other voluntary institution can show a similar record of continuity? Although churches are not immune to mistakes and disasters, the rate of failure is probably less than in any other line of human effort. If you doubt this statement, list the defunct churches of your community and then compare it with the commercial ventures which have folded up and departed.

During its long experience with democracy the church has learned several lessons. A voluntary organization cannot be run on a wholly selfish basis. If men are to work together without external compulsions, they must cherish common ideals and their energies must be focussed on some purpose in which they can find inspiration. The power of a church is in direct proportion with the vividness with which its people conceive its aims. The achieving church is the effective church.

In the transfer of the democratic procedure from the church to the state the machinery of democracy has been taken over, but all too often the motive power has been left behind. The democratic state must appeal to something more than the personal self-interest of its citizens. Democracy must be justified on other grounds than "what we can get out of it."

In the past, war has been the most effective means of achieving national unity—as every dictator knows. But in America that day is probably done. Even those who are most inclined to condone war are little disposed to bless it. It would be difficult to find even a militarist who expects any good to come out of armed conflict. War has definitely lost its power to inspire.

Yet our nation needs the unity of a common purpose. If democracy is to be something more than a political catchword, it must be coupled with unselfish idealism.

At this juncture the church can render two great services to the nation.

By keeping its own institutional life on a high level of effective idealism it can demonstrate the possibilities of democratic procedure. The working, achieving church is the best answer to the slurs which are being cast upon democracy.

Adequate national ideals constitute the ultimate defense of our country. Our people must be stirred to give the common good precedence over personal advantage. More than any other institution, the church seeks to make men aware of the needs of the disadvantaged people of our own and other lands. Out of the church must come that passion for humanity which can alone save our nation and the world.

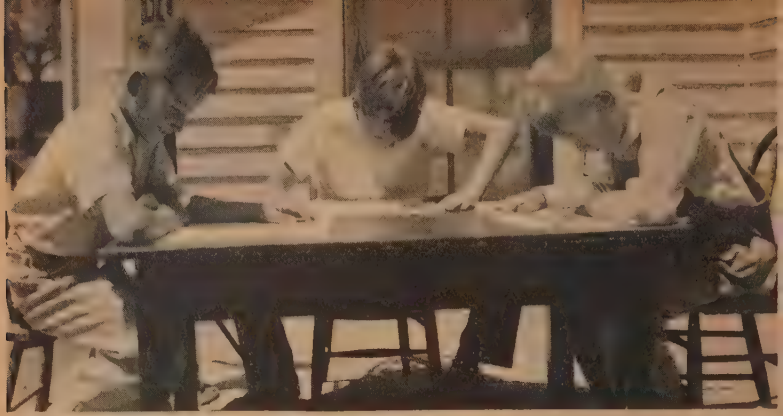
Welcoming soldier boys at West Somerville, Mass.

Let the Church Follow Her Sons

"WHEN a church remembers its soldiers, those boys will not forget their church" is the dictum of an experienced chaplain.

The greatest service which a local church can render to its sons in uniform is to keep them reminded of its concern for them personally. This involves bidding them farewell when they leave, greeting them when they return, keeping in touch with them through letters and leaflets, visiting them whenever possible. The stronger the ties with home and church, the less likely are they to yield to either despondency or the temptations of camp life. Our churches should use every means possible to maintain fellowship with their men in service.

To aid the churches in this task is the purpose of the Associated Congregational Christian Agencies. It is composed of representatives of the General Council, the Commission on Evangelism, the Council for Social Action and the Board of Home Missions with Ernest M. Halliday as chairman. It is prepared to supply pastors with Certificates of Affiliation which enlisted men may use as cards of introduction, and with return postcards which can be sent to the chaplains commending recruits from our churches to their pastoral care with a brief notation of their previous church activities and a reply card on which the chaplain can report if he has seen the man. The committee may be addressed at 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City.



Hard at work in a Nebraska Vacation Bible School

When "Summer Suns are Glowing"

By Betty Perkins, Schauffler College

"WHAT we gonna make today, teacher?"

Anyone who has conducted a daily vacation Bible school has heard this question, which sometimes takes the place of "Good morning" as a salutation. A true Bible school is much more than an occasion for telling stories and the exercise of juvenile fingers.

We endeavor to make the Bible and particularly Jesus "come alive" in the experience of the children. They are delighted to imagine that his mother sometimes borrowed bread from the neighbors and that his father may have sat and talked with him on the roof in the cool of the evening. His teachings are within their reach because he also worked, played and studied. As Jesus used his boyhood experiences as the foundation for his preaching, so they also can expect "to grow in stature and wisdom and in favor with God and men." They love to sing:

"At work beside his father's bench,
At play when work is done,
In quiet Galilee he lived,
The friend of everyone."

We also seek to broaden the outlook of the children. One of the women by whom I was entertained volunteered the remark, "The trouble with these people is that they've never been beyond the hills." We tell them of the

Playtime in Vacation School

larger horizons of the world community, pointing out that many of our finest institutions, such as hospitals, are the result of the influence of Jesus.

Of course we try to direct youthful energy into profitable channels. In one school we had a boy whose ceaseless activity made him the center of everyone's attention, but when we gave him the role of robber in a dramatization of the Good Samaritan he played his part most forcefully—with a bathrobe over his clothes and a towel around his head.

We saw many results of past schools in the homes. Often a Bible school diploma or a bit of handwork is the only decoration. One mother said, "Since Paul became interested in hammer and nails at Bible school, his dad's never had to build a hen house." More astonishing was another testimony: "When we had so-and-so here for Bible school teacher, he thought my boy was smart and told him of ways in which he could go to college. Now he has his degree and holds a good job. He would never have thought of going on to school if it had not been for the Bible school teacher." That is certainly one way of leading them to see "beyond the hills."

We try to show the children that religion should be a part of their personal lives and should express itself through their thoughts and their studies, their games and handwork, their relationships one with another and their sharing in the larger life of the community. Of course it is difficult to tell a small girl about a heavenly father when she has never seen her earthly one because he has been sentenced to the penitentiary! In the Bible schools we not only teach a few skills, we also seek to lay the foundations for personal growth. Above all, we present the Christian faith as a way of life.

"Forget Not All His Benefits"

By Wynn C. Fairfield

THERE are times when the normal is "news." It is news that after nearly four years of war in China, only 21 out of our 123 missionaries there are on "emergency furloughs," and of the 21, 14 are wives whose husbands are still on the field. It is news that out of 418 life and associate missionaries of the American Board in every field, after almost two years of war affecting large areas of the world, only 59 have either had to leave their fields because of the war, or been prevented from returning after regular furlough. **Out of 418 missionaries, 359 are either still on their fields or at home on regular furloughs.**

It is good news that out of twenty-four **hospitals** connected with the American Board, none have had to be closed because of hostilities in the last four years; and that out of nine hundred ninety-nine **schools** connected with the Board, only one high school in China and two junior colleges in Greece have had to close their doors. Even in **Japan,** where only nine out of a normal missionary group of forty-four remain on the field on this date, the withdrawal of the missionaries has not led to the closing of a single institution or church.

The vitality of the Christian movement is most truly measured, not in terms of institutions, but in terms of the individual believers who in spite of all hardships remain true to the faith. The final test on this point has not come, but up to date, the national **churches** and their members are continuing to live lives of spiritual reality, often deepened by the fiery trials through which they have passed. Growth in numbers is particularly characteristic of the self-supporting churches in Angola and Mindanao, has been increased by the "preaching by deeds" in China in the last four years, and continues normally in other fields.

While airplanes drone and tanks rumble, a larger number of students than ever before have crowded our schools in **Turkey** and **Syria,** as well as in **China.** In **South Africa,** the present year has seen the inauguration of the Hofmeyr School of Social Work of the Y.M.C.A., affiliated with Witwatersrand University in Johannesburg, where Bantu men and women are to be trained by Ray Phillips to extend the type of work he has been doing,

the work that has resulted in the founding of this School.

How the War Affects the American Board

Perplexities and difficulties continue to multiply. On April 21, Japanese forces occupied the city and immediate vicinity of **Foochow,** China, for the first time since the outbreak of hostilities in 1937. One previous attempt had failed, and an almost complete blockade of the port had been maintained, with occasional bombing raids. At present writing,* no detailed reports concerning the American Board work there and in the neighborhood have been received. On April 22, the American Consulate informed the State Department that it had been in communication with all Americans as far out from the city as Pagoda Anchorage, and believed all were safe. We believe that the occupation for the present at least will not reach as far as Ingtai, where our Foochow high schools are located, or Mintsing, where the Foochow Union High School in which we share is now located, to say nothing of more remote points where some of our missionaries are located with their schools and universities.

With the entry of German forces into **Athens** on April 27, our group of seven active missionaries there passed under German military control. The fact that the Greek flag was reported flying beside the swastika on the Acropolis may indicate that their direct relations will be with Greeks. No word has been received concerning them since the occupation. A cable dated April 23 stated "All well." President and Mrs. Riggs of Anatolia College, Salonica, whose furlough is overdue, accompanied three retired missionaries of British citizenship from Athens to **Cairo,** at which he reported their safe arrival on April 22. Presumably it will be possible for those remaining in Athens to continue their relief ministry as long as America remains non-belligerent.

A cable received on April 23 from **Istanbul** stated: "All well, **Sofia,** April 19." It also reported that one retired missionary and an American Board missionary of British citizenship were planning to leave the city for interior Turkey on May 5; and that the one mother with children in **Izmir** (Smyrna) was planning to leave for Syria on May 6. A missionary family planning to leave America for **Syria** had their passport cancelled on the eve of sailing.

There have been no significant new developments in Japan or North China since the April article. Plans then reported are being carried out.

*May 13, 1941.

The "juniors" at Silver Spruce Camp

Kids Go to Camp in Wyoming

BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA

I'M only eleven years old, but I'm a regular Silver Sprucer. As long as mother and big brother go to camp they'll let me come too. When your home is in sage brush country a fellow is mighty glad of an excuse to get to the mountains. I like the place where the Wyoming Congregational Young People's Conference meets, but I also like the conference itself.

Getting to Silver Spruce Camp is lots of fun. Our preacher hires a big truck to carry up the groceries and everything else we will need for a week, and then the boys and girls pile in on top.

The going is easy to Glen Rock, where we turn off the main highway and start UP. After climbing twenty-two miles to Box Elder we say goodbye to civilization. That is as far as the telephone goes. The mail comes up three times a week and there is a store where you can buy a little of this and that—but not much. After Box Elder come the bumps. There are eight miles of them, and the further you go the more interesting they become. The truck lurches this way and that, and we kids skid about and squeal!

Silver Spruce is a real camp. The man and his wife who own it stay there the year around, but there just aren't any neighbors. The girls live in log cabins. We boys have a dormitory, which is a big log house which isn't finished yet. We sleep on the floor upstairs, while the men teachers sleep on cots downstairs. Some of the big boys like quiet, so they take their blankets and make their beds on the ground. When you want to wash you dip into the brook which flows through the grounds. The girls go downstream and the boys upstream. If you want to wash your face you go a little ways; if you want a bath you go further.

Everybody helps with the meals. Mother is one of the cooks. They live in a house by themselves and have a good time.

From the window of the boys' dormitory

The older boys like to sleep on the ground

Harry Johnson, who looks after the Wyoming churches, says that it is the cooks who make the camp go. Every morning they read a list of who is to do what, and we do it! Besides waiting table the boys chop wood and carry water.

About thirty boys and girls come to camp. There are sixty young people and two dozen grown-ups and teachers. We children have classes like everybody else. We meet out under the shade of the trees, only we have to keep moving around all morning to stay in the shade. Our teachers tell us about the Bible, the church, missions and most anything.

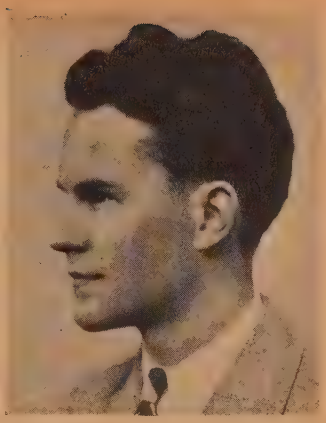
Last summer a theological student who preaches out here in the summer time brought along a friend from Boston. There were several words which he did not seem to know how to pronounce. We taught him to say "horse," and every time we asked him to, he would say it for us. We hope he won't go back to saying "hoss" when he gets home to Boston again.

At Silver Spruce the big event of the day is the camp fire. After supper some of us go and pile up the wood. Just before sundown all the campers find perches on the rocks. We light the fire as the sun goes down and then sing and worship by the flickering flames. Each year one of the men tells us the complete story of his life, including what he believes and why he believes it.

Probably we children do not learn as much as do the high school and college boys and girls, but we have a good time. I'll be glad when I'm big enough to go mountain climbing with the older people. Last summer they got lost on the way down. We kids would have been smarter than that!

Let Us Put Our Dollars Behind Their Lives

THE SUMMER APPEAL OF THE AMERICAN BOARD



Only last year Albert Faurot was commissioned for life service in China

MOST of our missionaries are at their posts. Mothers and small children have been withdrawn from some fields, but the single women and men who have the physical stamina to endure hardship are facing the uncertainties of tomorrow with the people whom they have chosen to serve.

But war-time conditions have increased costs. Last fall the American Board included in its budget an emergency item of $17,000. The indications are that $40,000 will be expended on this account before the books close on September 1.

For over thirty years the friends of the American Board have been accustomed to make personal gifts during the summer months to help it close the year without a deficit. Because of war-time conditions, the goal for this summer must be set at more than $80,000.

The devotion of our missionaries should stir us to personal sacrifice. It is both a privilege and a joy to join with three thousand others who will send gifts to the Board this summer. Many will increase their checks beyond what they have done before. Some will give twice. The greater the sacrifice which a gift involves, the greater the satisfaction which it brings to the giver. In at least a dozen years extra personal gifts made at the last moment have averted disastrous deficits.

Out of such giving comes a closely-knit fellowship of those who feel a personal responsibility for our overseas missionaries. They are the ones who believe that a "Missionary Advance Despite War" is possible. Through their gifts they are advancing the long-range goals of missionary endeavor—peace, justice and righteousness the world over.

To share intimately in maintaining missions amid the uncertainties of today, send your contribution to **Harold Belcher, Treasurer, The American Board, 14 Beacon Street, Boston.**

Foreign Flashes

Tummies Don't Shrink

"Now let's see. Won't four quarts of beans make enough for 138 children? How about thinning down the buttermilk with more water? They must use less salt! One pound of meat for ten children once a week will have to be the meat ration." Far into the night Mrs. Emmons White of Manamadura, India, and the headmaster, matron and warden of the Manamadura Boarding School studied how they could meet the crisis of rising food prices and decreasing Government grants. As Mrs. White writes, "Even with such figuring we cannot seem to make the budget come out right. No matter how prices may change, tummies remain the same size."

Songs for the People

The singing of Christian lyrics is being emphasized in the Union Theological Seminary, Pasumalai, India. Many new ones are being written, some in the nature of folk songs, and all well adapted to the village people as they gather together in the evenings after work. They also use them as chants when laboring in the fields or driving bullock carts. "If we can get our students to sing these Christian songs, I think we will have accomplished something of real value," writes Principal John J. Banninga.

An African Road to Health

Several miles of passable auto road, complete with bridges, were built by the people of an isolated area in West Africa, so that Dr. and Mrs. Henry S. Hollenbeck of Sachikela could visit them. These Christians graded the road by hand with common garden hoes and erected a little grass hut for the doctor and his wife. Here the Hollenbecks held classes and clinics during the day and discussed for hours the problems of the people. In the evenings Dr. Hollenbeck showed a motion picture of the Life of Christ which made a deep impression. By the grapevine telegraph of the jungle word spread rapidly and for four nights Dr. Hollenbeck repeated its showing to the delegations who came in from distant points.

Saved by the Police

A little body cuddled up to Miss Mary Wiley and dark eyes fixed themselves on her face. "I can say all of 'God so loved,' " said the next to the youngest of a family of four. It was at the Woman's Bible School in Foochow, China, now used as a relief center. The father of the four had hanged himself in his tailor shop, despairing of the future. The mother took the three oldest to the Long Bridge on the Min River, lined them up and got ready to push them in as she herself jumped. A policeman seized her, kept them for a week at the police station and then sent them over to the Bible School. The mother has no means of supporting her four little ones. "Oh for a woman's industrial school for mothers like this!" writes Miss Wiley.

Bells for the Philippines

Pastors of our churches in the Philippines are anxious to have church bells which will ring out the glad summons and be heard many miles away through the Sabbath air. Frank C. Laubach of Dansalan, Mindanao, P. I., asks if there are not some churches in America which have bought new bells and would be willing to donate their old ones to these brave little churches in the Philippines. In Dansalan they have a bell but it is not loud enough to reach even to the end of the town. He also wonders if some folks here in America would not like to send their religious magazines when they are through with them to pastors whose names he is willing to supply.

Money that Multiplies

Exchange in China during the past year or so has made comparatively small sums of money from America give a hundredfold service among those desperately in need. When Miss Agnes J. McClure, eighteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. McClure, said goodbye to her father as he returned to his post in Foochow, China, she gave him five dollars which she had earned by doing housework outside school hours for a member of the high school faculty. That five dollars became seventy-five dollars in China, and with it she helped a needy boy go to school, a fine young Chinese pastor in his relief work, and Dr. Charles L. Gillette, head of the Diongloh Hospital, on a heavy drug bill. Dr. Gillette, the only American doctor in Diongloh, has been running an eighty bed hospital, full to overflowing, with forty-five meningitis patients at one time last spring and for two and one-half years at least one bombing casualty.

The cause of temperance has inspired this Ministerial Relief pensioner to become an effective writer

On the Edge of Eighty with Energies Unspent

LIFE has new beginnings even for Ministerial Relief pensioners. In a literary sense life began for Mrs. B. at seventy. Back in 1931 the campaign for the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment irritated her intelligence and inspired her powers of utterance. She took to writing to the newspapers, and was delighted to discover that they were not averse to printing her ardent arguments against the evils of drink. Her two pet papers are in Hartford, Connecticut and Duluth, Minnesota, where her bi-weekly letters have been especially welcome.

When she reached the limit of what the papers would take, Mrs. B. fell back upon the mimeograph machine. For some years she has been producing a series of one-page sheets dealing with some phase of the liquor question. Her latest notes that Hitler is a man of abstinence, while the French are given to

strong drink, with the suggestion that this may have something to do with their relative effectiveness. These sheets have been welcomed in from thirty-five to fifty colleges, with as many as 1300 going to a school. Her best customers have been Bucknell University and the Moody Bible Institute.

A shut-in friend has financed most of the mimeographing, with some help from the local church office. She traces the inspiration for this campaign to her mother, who back in 1874 was accustomed to go into saloons and there offer prayer for the destruction of the liquor traffic.

But life was neither dull nor empty for Mrs. B. before she launched her one-woman temperance campaign. She was born in a parsonage in 1862, where she was one of ten children. She attended Olivet College and then served as a home missionary wife in North Dakota for twenty years. Her husband went where the home missionary superintendent sent him, with the result that most of his churches suffered from peculiar problems, oftentimes of a financial nature. It is said that she sometimes took a hand at raising the minister's salary; also a visitor reports that instead of putting sugar on their food that they placed it in a special receptacle, computed its value, and then gave the sum indicated to home missions.

Her husband retired in 1912 and died in 1918, leaving her with two children. The daughter graduated from college *cum laude*, served for a term under the American Board in China but returned to this country for reasons of health. For the past fifteen years the care of her daughter has been one of Mrs. B.'s major responsibilities. The son put himself through medical school and then practiced in a small town in North Dakota where there was much to do but little to be had by way of remuneration. When conditions became impossible, he fled to Kansas.

Through the years Mrs. B. has supplemented her small pension from the Board of Ministerial Relief with a variety of ventures, usually in the field of board and lodging. At various times she has had a house full of students, looked after small children at $15 per head per month, supplied a special diet for invalids. She has always been both busy and useful.

Eight years ago she appointed herself guardian angel to a man serving a life sentence in the penitentiary of her state. He reported that before her coming he had had an average of two visits a year! For a time she went to see him once a month, and wrote to him in between times.

Next year she will be eighty, but her faculties are undimmed and her energies unabated.

Orphaned Missions Need Our Help

By A. L. Warnshuis, Secretary of the International Missionary Council

THE Church is the only international body that continues to function openly across national boundaries in spite of wars in Europe and Asia.

The war has separated a considerable number of "orphaned missions" from their parent churches in Germany, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium and France. No direct communication is possible between these churches and their missionaries, and no funds can be transmitted from European countries to these missions. The churches in Finland are unable to resume the support of their missions, which was interrupted by the war with Russia.

About thirty-five hundred European missionaries were actively serving in these missions in September of 1939. At present 168 missions are "orphaned." Fifty-six of them belong to the Lutheran churches; 112 to other Protestant churches. Normally they receive about $4,500,000 annually from Europe. Some of the churches were able to send extra funds just before communications were cut off, while other missions could draw on credit balances and on other reserves, but many were left without any funds.

After reducing salaries to a mere subsistence level, suspending various lines of work, and increasing local income, it is estimated that $2,000,000 will be needed to maintain these "orphaned missions" for a year. Perhaps $500,000 will be given by the churches in Great Britain, South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and elsewhere. The remaining $1,500,000 is being asked of the churches in the United States and Canada.

In the Netherlands Indies eighteen missions belonging to twelve societies have pooled their finances and staffs. Support from Holland is wholly cut off. Formerly they received $40,000 a month. Because of the internment of German missionaries and the decrease in Dutch salaries and work, they have reduced their needs to $20,000 a month. Half of this amount they are endeavoring to raise in the archipelago and are asking for only $10,000 a month from America.

The missions of the Paris Society face extreme want due to the disorganization of church life in France and the cessation of all ordinary communication with the parent churches. This society maintains nine missions on the west coast of Africa, in South Africa, Madagascar, and the Pacific Islands. These missions must be maintained during the present distress. The mission in Madagascar alone needs $1,000 a month.

The fifty-six Lutheran missions of the German and Scandinavian churches (except Sweden) are completely cut off from their financial support. The Lutheran churches of America have accepted them as a special responsibility.

For the sake of the younger churches aid must be given these "orphaned missions." Our purpose is not only to keep their missionaries from starving, but also to enable them to continue their work in this period of trial. Some of these churches are well established and can maintain themselves, but most of them are small groups in danger of being overwhelmed by the non-Christian cultures by which they are surrounded. They are "younger" churches, some with a history of only one generation. For their lights to be snuffed out because of the blackout in Europe would be a tragedy.

Contributions from our churches should be sent to:

Elbert A. Harvey, Treasurer
The Congregational Christian Committee for Assistance to War Victims
289 Fourth Avenue
New York City

In addition to the International Missionary Council, this Committee is raising money for: The Congregational Union of England and Wales; American Mission in Athens, Greece; Central Bureau for Relief of Evangelical Churches in Europe; the American Committee for Christian Refugees; the American Friends Service Committee, and the Church Committee for China Relief.

A class in Foochow College ready for a three mile trek into the country

Foochow College Endures Hardship

"I FELT as though I were talking to a bunch of heroes after a great battle," wrote Robert McClure after visiting Foochow College, which has refugeed into the country far from its beautiful campus. He reports that the thin faces of the teachers gave evidence of illness and of pinched living.

"The students never complain, although they are having a hard time," reports Mrs. Catherine Hsueh, wife of Principal Donald Hsueh. "Not one teacher or his family have been free from malaria. Rice is scarce and expensive. Food is so high and our salaries are so low that our teachers and their families never really have enough to eat. Still they remain faithful to the school. I long for a share of the good things of America to pour into my suffering country.

"My husband has tried in every way to better the condition of his teachers and their families

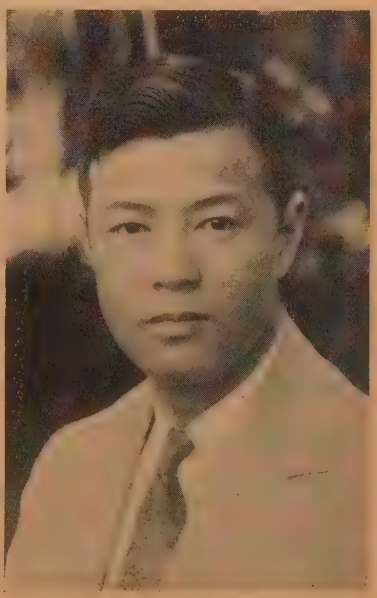
His responsibility is truly very heavy. Will you remember him in America in your prayers that his health and courage may continue? There are marvelous opportunities in our work right now and we want to meet them bravely in a Christian spirit.

"The living conditions are hard for everyone but there are some compensations. We have never seen such great spiritual longing on the part of the students. Because the church here is small, the student body has to be divided into four groups for Sunday services, besides Sunday school and Bible classes.

"We have a proverb in China which runs, 'Even a skillful woman cannot cook a meal without rice.' We have been struggling to make this hillside out in the country more comfortable for the students, but our limited finances make this development very slow. When the school first fled to Ingtai, health conditions were unspeakable. During this year my husband has made all the improvements that we had money for and has engaged a trained nurse and a graduate doctor, for there is no other medical health center nearer than Foochow City. In spite of this we are finding it difficult to fight against skin diseases from lack of bathing facilities. We would like to build sanitary bathrooms for our eight hundred students."

Mrs. McClure states that $250 would be sufficient to build enough bathrooms for these boys. This may sound like a mistake in figuring, but the kind of a bathroom which they have in mind for refugeeing Foochow College would have rough board sides with flimsy partitions dividing it into stalls for bathers. The bathing tanks would be of galvanized iron with the water running off through holes in the cement floor into an underground ditch. It is good to know that gifts already received will cover this sum and go part way toward meeting the other problems of budget with which Mr. and Mrs. Hsueh are wrestling.

Donald Hsueh, the boyish looking principal of Foochow College



Twenty dollars' worth of old papers for missions

Bringing in the Sheaves—For Missions

By Fred Smith, Pastor Welborn Church, Kansas City, Kansas

"THAT is sure some load," ejaculates the local lumberman as he swings his truck out to the highway from the grounds of the Welborn Community Church, near Kansas City, Kansas. He does this regularly about every two months, and every time the benevolences of the church benefit from fifteen to twenty dollars.

This habit was developed because of a pressing need for money. A fire had destroyed the church; a new building was rising on the ruins. New churches cost money. But missions still had to be supported. One man suggested the gathering of the papers and magazines of the community. He showed us how to do it. He sells gasoline from a truck, which has runways on either side. Wherever he goes he mentions his habit of gathering papers. Along both sides of his truck some that he has collected are usually visible.

But he is not alone in this work. Each Sunday various families bring their gathered papers and magazines; boys whose homes are near the church can be seen carrying a pile of papers as they come to Sunday School. Some give to benevolences through envelopes in the conventional

way, others give by bringing in their papers. Some have called this material junk. But when the pastor announced at the end of the year that $150.00 had been realized through the sale of the papers the critics were ready to say: "Let us have more of this sort of junk."

For many churches near large cities this is a possible source of revenue. Such a project teaches many things. It has shown the Welborn Community Church how to change waste into wealth; it has shown how every one can give to missions, even those who said they were not financially able to. For many it has given a new meaning to giving. It takes courage to carry newspapers to church on Sunday. But these people have come to see that a dollar bill can come to church in the guise of a load of papers. And they who have often sung lustily: "Bringing in the sheaves" now see that hymn in a new light. They come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves of paper, which, transmuted into money, supports the work of those in far away lands who hope to come before their Lord bringing in the sheaves of saved souls for their Lord and Master, Jesus Christ.

For a Just and Durable Peace

Last winter the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America instituted a Commission to Study the Bases of a Just and Durable Peace. Among its duties are: "To clarify the mind of our churches regarding the moral, political and economic foundations of an enduring peace" and "To prepare the people of our churches and of our nation for assuming their appropriate responsibility for the establishment of such a peace."

In pursuance of these aims it has published a 64 page source book entitled *A Just and Durable Peace* which contains "Principles of a Just and Durable Peace Recommended by Responsible Christian Leaders," which range from the findings of the Malvern Conference to statements from the Pope, and "Current Proposals Regarding a New World Order," together with a syllabus of discussion questions. This material is intended for thoughtful study rather than for cursory reading.

Copies may be secured from the Council for Social Action at 289 Fourth Avenue, New York City, for ten cents each.

Lisbon—Problem and Opportunity

By Edgar H. S. Chandler, Pastor Central Church, Jamaica Plain, Boston

TODAY Lisbon is the cross-road of the world. As the one free port in Europe, it has been lifted from comparative obscurity to an importance even greater than in the days of Vasco da Gama. Contrasts abound. Paupers and millionaires rub elbows on the street. Men and women, many of them titled exiles, crowd the great casino, trying to forget the grim realities of their lot in an orgy of gambling.

Tragic is the plight of the refugees. There are over 30,000 of them in Portugal—7,000 in Lisbon. Driven from their homes for no other crime than their faith or their race, they find it increasingly difficult to remain in Portugal and increasingly impossible to secure either visas or transportation to the new world where most of them desire to go. Many are of superior intelligence and character. Some will make any sacrifice rather than lose their freedom or compromise their convictions. Potentially they are valuable citizens for a democracy.

Several groups are attempting to administer relief, give counsel and expedite exit requirements for these refugees. Various nationalistic committees, the Red Cross, the Jewish Relief and the Unitarian Service Committee have offices and workers in Lisbon. So far no organization has taken the responsibility for the relief of over a thousand Evangelical Christians who are among the refugee population.

Wilhelm Schubert is typical of hundreds. An Evangelical Christian, an Independent Social Democrat, and a chemist by profession, in 1933 with his wife and son he left all that he possessed in Germany and fled to France where he made a meager living selling perfumes and other chemical preparations, partly of his own manufacture. At the outbreak of the war he endeavored to enter the French army, but was placed in a concentration camp instead. When the camp broke up he made his way on foot over the mountains into Spain with his wife and son, suffering on this journey from lack of food and shelter. They were arrested by the Spanish police and taken to Barcelona, where a kind-hearted officer set them free after a few days in prison. When they reached Madrid, an Evangelical minister helped them on their way to Portugal.

In Lisbon Mr. Schubert secured a German passport good for one year but this was coupled with the suggestion from the consul that he leave immediately for Germany. A friend who obeyed this order later sent word that

Safe in America, these refugees are adjusting themselves to their new life at the hostel which our churches maintain at Cummington, Mass.

he had been "attended to," which was the last that was heard from him. Instead, Mr. Schubert obtained a "war refugee's stay" from the International Police, good for three months but renewable, and remained in Portugal.

He has rented a hut in a village an hour's train ride from Lisbon and has endeavored to make a living selling chemical products, but with scant success. When he refused to obey a second command that he return to Germany, his passport was recalled. Now he cannot procure a "stateless" passport from the Portuguese government because he has no statement showing that Germany has denied him citizenship. His last prolongation of permission to stay in Portugal is expiring, and he fears trouble. He is endeavoring to secure a visa for the United States, but with little prospect of success.

Similar cases are common. All that can properly be expected of the Jews is that they look after their own people. The Protestant community in Lisbon is too small and poor to render much help. Evangelical refugees frequently face the choice of either starving or of committing some minor theft so as to qualify for meals in prison.

The Committee for Assistance to War Victims is studying the Lisbon situation. Some funds have already been sent. Comprehensive plans may be worked out for meeting this problem.

Camera News

By

Dorothy P. Cushing

US THREE!

J. Ross Thomas of Bombay, Loy L. Long of Ahmednagar, Winfield Q. Swart of Ahmednagar, all of India—all on the job. A get-together during vacation days results in a bike trip.

Mansota, Shekai and Grace, orphans at Mt. Silinda, East Africa, eat sadza and beam for Nurse Theresa R. Buck.

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While from far-off North China Miss Yu, Miss Hou and Miss Maryette Lum, all of Bridgman Academy, Peking, pose on Yenching campus.

CONGREGATIONAL CHRISTIAN PASTORS

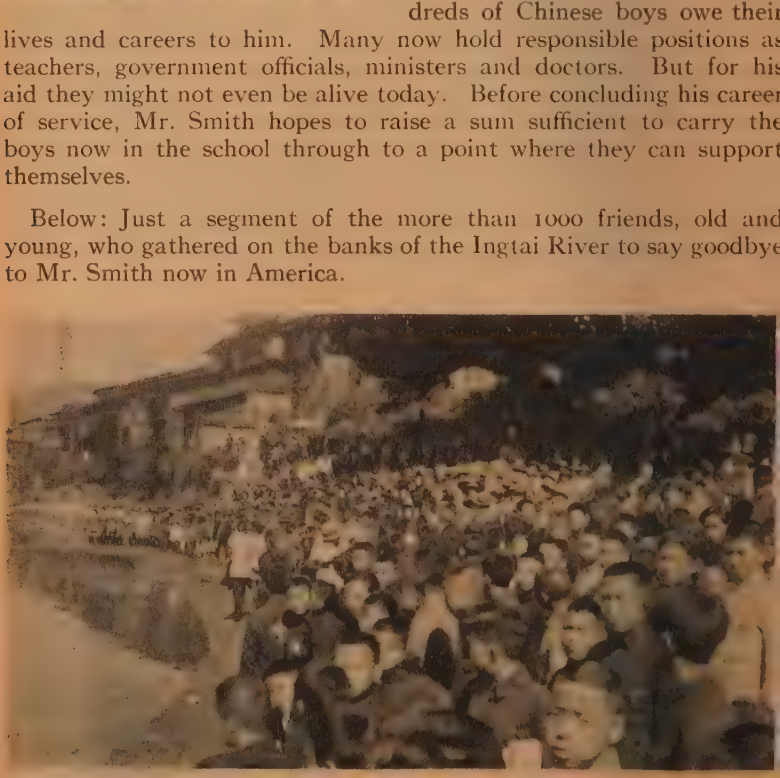
Here are the five ordained pastors of the Fenchow area, North China. Left to right: Rev. Han T'ao-yuan, also teacher in Fenchow Bible School; Rev. Kao Hsi-t'ing, Fenchow City Church; Rev. Ma Hai-rue, better known to you as Rev. Harold S. Matthews who sailed back to China on April 17 to rejoin these comrades; Rev. Chang Yao-chai, braving dangers while distributing relief funds in stricken rural areas; Rev. Wang Ching-wen, Principal also of Fenchow Bible School.

"Forget them not, O Christ, who stand
Thy vanguard in the distant land
In flood, in flame, in dark, in dread . . .
Be with Thine own, Thy loved, who stand
Christ's vanguard in the storm-swept land."

BELOVED UNCLE NED

Rev. Edward Huntington Smith, of Ingtai, nearly 40 years in China, saying goodbye to some of his "orphans." Literally hundreds of Chinese boys owe their lives and careers to him. Many now hold responsible positions as teachers, government officials, ministers and doctors. But for his aid they might not even be alive today. Before concluding his career of service, Mr. Smith hopes to raise a sum sufficient to carry the boys now in the school through to a point where they can support themselves.

Below: Just a segment of the more than 1000 friends, old and young, who gathered on the banks of the Ingtai River to say goodbye to Mr. Smith now in America.



"SAMPLES"

of Mr. Smith's orphans. Above, as they come ragged and barefoot.

Below, left: A sample older boy, a senior in Ingtai School now.

Right: Another graduate "orphan"—now pastor of a big church. His wife is a graduate of the Orlinda Childs Pierce School in Foochow, once called Wenshan.

Our Demonstration Babies

By Marie Crosby, Dondi, Portuguese West Africa

THE end of July brought a little six-day-old motherless baby to our home. He weighed only about five pounds. He was a twin but his brother didn't live. Since he was the second to be born, according to custom, his name is Hosi (lion), the one who died being Jamba (elephant). Hosi's other name is David. We got him from the Dondi Hospital where some of his relatives had brought him to be fed as they had no cows or goats or relative with a baby who would run the risk of taking on a second child to nurse lest her own child not have enough milk.

For some years we have desired a demonstration baby for the school girls. Only in this way can we prove it is unnecessary to feed a baby every time he cries, that a baby will go to sleep when put in bed awake, that he will thrive much better on cow's milk than on corn meal gruel, etc.

Hosi is a good baby, cries very little and is very patient, as a rule, while different students practice bathing him. As there are forty-two seniors, he has a different "nurse" every day. Our trained school nurse superintends their efforts.

Hosi was a month old when he was first used for a bathing demonstration. He was still very

tiny. Now the girls recall how they sort of smiled to themselves at the idea that he might become so plump that they'd need to be careful to cleanse the "creases" thoroughly. To their amazement he is now a beautiful, fat, happy little baby. Often we hear the surprised comment, "But cow's milk is indeed a real food."

Alice Lussati is another blessing. She came to us from Galangue at the end of September, a wee lassie over nine months old and weighing only six pounds. Her mother had died a week after she was born and an old relative of her father's had taken her and nursed her. When Miss Dibble saw our precious little Hosi she asked if we would be willing to undertake Lussati and we agreed. At first she refused her bottle and we were afraid she would die. By the third feeding she was ready for it. She takes the bottle as if she were half starved, and when she gets to the end she pushes it farther into her mouth, very, very reluctant to give it up. Lussati objected vociferously at first to her bath, but now actually laughs a little when put into the water.

The first week she cried most of the time. She had to get used to lying in her basket as her relative had carried her about all the time. She is much better now. When her wee tummy is full she is all smiles, though she seldom laughs out loud and has just begun to talk to herself. She gained a pound and a half in the first month and is now putting on about a half a pound a week. She has one tooth through and another on the way. She has begun to sit up with pillows at her back. When she gets tired she topples over on her tummy. When she is crying in her basket she rolls from one end of it to the other and sometimes gets real cross when she bangs her head against the side. As she grows stronger and plumper she is going to be a pretty little lady. Already her dimples twinkle when she smiles.

She is bright and knows us and we believe some times she does things just to make us laugh. The other evening her nipple worked loose. The girl who was feeding her noticed it and tried to take the bottle away. As she did so, Lussati bit down on the nipple with her small tooth and held it there. We could not help laughing, she looked so determined with the nipple held firmly in her mouth and no bottle! We had some time persuading her to part with it.

Besides helping in home nursing and foods classes, Hosi and Lussati provide us with a new tie with all mothers of babies. We can now discuss and advise from experience. Surely there is no greater joy than watching a little life unfold and having a share in its making by providing nourishment for body and spirit.

The Community Comes to Cotton Valley

By Ruth A. Morton, Director of Schools

ASIDE from the demonstration schools used for teacher training, the only grade school maintained by the Board of Home Missions is at Cotton Valley, Alabama, ten miles south of Tuskegee Institute, in one of the poorest counties in the South. It is surrounded by tenant farmers working for absentee landlords whose only concern is to collect their rent. Some of these landowners have never seen their land.

The school is a little whi frame building nestled in a pi grove. Unpretentious in its phy ical structure, it sprawls "a over the place." As attendan has increased rooms have bee added, until there are five clas rooms and an auditorium. Fiv teachers instruct two hundre children and carry on communit work.

Any day in the week that or might visit the school he woul find the parents and neighbo

At Cotton Valley the children grow much of the food for their noon lunches

The new home for teachers at Cotton Valley has demonstrated that one-story cottages can be both beautiful and comfortable

working together in the auditorium making mattresses, learning to sew, waiting for the doctor from Tuskegee who comes twice a week, or seeking advice from the teachers. Few regular adult classes are held because the community feels that if a problem arises, they may come to the school. It is their place of refuge as well as recreation.

Several years ago the home economics teacher, who is now the principal, invited the mothers to come for an hour on Friday afternoon. A few came at first. As the meetings grew more enjoyable and more meaningful, their numbers grew. Then the mothers began dropping in before school was out on Friday afternoon. They asked for a two-hour class, and got it. Then they began to arrive immediately after lunch and would wait about restlessly until the children were dismissed. Now they have practically pushed the children out of the entire Friday home economics program.

Malnutrition is one of our problems. Several years ago the children started a garden to provide food at noon. Sugar and flour and some other staples had to be purchased. The school was asked to advance a dollar and a half, which the children

very proudly paid back. The lunch room has not cost the school one penny. The children have it all worked out. They know what they spend; they know what they take in. The Surplus Commodities Corporation is now giving us additional food and the children get a hot, well-balanced meal every day, prepared by the home economics class. The principal turned down the offer of a W.P.A. worker because it would rob the children of an educational experience which belonged to them. Eventually we employed a person from the neighborhood and we are paying her from the school budget. In this way we can ask some things of her that we could not require of a government worker.

The school enrollment went up last fall beyond all expectations. The principal reports, "When I saw what was happening, we called all the parents together and told them that there was no more money for another teacher and that if they wanted their children to get the best education they would have to help. We asked them to take over the supervision of the playground. This was difficult for them. Most of the parents have never played a game. It made more work for us than had we kept the supervision ourselves, but for years we have wanted to help the parents with problems of discipline and training their own children at home. We thought that if we could get them on the playground and could observe them in action, it would form the basis for some parent study groups in child psychology."

Last fall the parents volunteered to plow the school garden and were so eager to help that they almost took the project away from the children. We had to guard against this. Through their help the garden has been enlarged. Today the major part of the food is coming from the students themselves. In repairing school fences the parents have learned to mend their own. In helping with the gardening, their own ambitions have been aroused and now almost everyone in the community has a garden. In helping with the school landscaping, the parents have learned to beautify the yards of their own little cabins.

A badly needed new teacherage large enough to accommodate our staff but built on a cottage plan which fits into the surrounding countryside has helped to step up the care of homes in the community. Seeing the teachers "living on the ground floor" has convinced the people that big houses are not especially necessary but that it is how they are kept that is important. The building of this white cottage has inspired almost everybody in the community to paint up their own one-room shacks.

Summer Schools for Pastors

By Thomas Alfred Tripp

LAST year the Board of Home Missions conducted a summer school for pastors at Sylvan Dale Camp, Loveland, Colorado. This year the Board will conduct two schools, as follows:

Sylvan Dale Camp
Loveland, Colorado
June 11 to July 11, 1941
Dean: Dr. Wm. F. Frazier

Deering Community Center
Deering, New Hampshire
June 24 to July 24, 1941
Dean: Dr. Douglas Horton

The courses will include the latest developments in theology, social problems, preaching, speech, worship, parish methods, and religious education. At **Sylvan Dale** the faculty will be Prof. Nels F. S. Ferre', Dr. Hugh Vernon White, Dean Vaughan Dabney, Secretary John L. Lobingier, Dr. Wofford C. Timmons and Prof. Ralph L. Woodward. The **Deering** faculty includes Prof. Amos N. Wilder, Supt. Robert J. Bruce, Dr. Boynton Merrill and Secretaries Ernest M. Halliday, Harry Thomas Stock, Erwin L. Shaver, and Thomas Alfred Tripp.

All of the pastors who attended Sylvan Dale last year have testified to the benefits which they received from the school. The following are typical: "I came home with a deeper conviction of the great opportunities and responsibilities of the ministry." "It gave me a new sense of fellowship, a new hope in the power of the Christian message for the world and a new mood of triumph for my preaching and living." "It gave me deeper convictions regarding the great task and challenge which we face today." "The members of my church have commented favorably upon my preaching since I returned from the school." "It fulfilled an opportunity to study for which I had been seeking." "It enriched my own personal life." "It renewed and intensified my interest in such simple matters as expression in Bible reading." "It drew me back to the personality of Jesus as the essential figure of our faith."

These schools will be conducted mainly for pastors of small churches. Those who will be invited to enroll will be the guests of the Board of Home Missions for the month. Each pastor must be recommended by his state superintendent and his application must be approved by the officers of the Board of Home Missions. Those interested should consult their superintendents.

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Silver Bay Again!

THE successful revival of the Silver Bay Missionary Conference last summer has spurred church leaders, in view of the world crisis, to conduct, during July 1–9, a more intensive and closely integrated program to be known as the Silver Bay Conference on the Christian World Mission. Enrollment for this gathering will be limited. Requests for reservations should be sent in at the earliest date possible.

The committees in charge of program and arrangements are composed of representatives of the Home Missions Council of North America, Foreign Missions Conference of North America and the Missionary Education Movement. The Conference Office is located at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, G. Q. LeSourd, secretary.

On the historic conference grounds at Silver Bay on Lake George, New York, pastors, laymen, women and older young people, in fellowship with well-known home and foreign missionaries, including nationals, will discuss, pray and plan concerning the world mission of the churches now undergoing unprecedented pressures by reason of the world situation. An unusual opportunity will be given the delegates this year because the "Interpreters' Institute" will be held at Silver Bay at the same time.

The Bible Hour will be conducted by Rev. Dr. Harris E. Kirk, of Baltimore, for many years summer preacher in the Westminster Chapel of London; his topic will be "The Message of the Bible for the World Today."

Addresses and lectures will be given by Rev. Dr. Roswell P. Barnes of the Federal Council of Churches; Rev. Dr. Ralph E. Diffendorfer of the Methodist Board of Missions; Rev. Dr. Hermann N. Morse, of the Presbyterian Board of National Missions; Miss Ruth I. Seabury of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions; Rev. Dr. Paul Scherer, Pastor of Holy Trinity Church, New York City, Rev. Dr. Robert E. Speer and Stanley Jones of India. Discussion will center about issues including Christianity and democracy, missions in a world at war and Christians and world order.

Among the Conference leaders will be Miss Bettie S. Brittingham and Mrs. Helen B. Bourne of the Women's Division of Christian Service of the Methodist Church; Mr. Merlyn Chappel of Presbyterian Board of National Missions; Mrs. Sanford E. Cobb, secretary, Religious and Missionary Board of Education, Reformed Church in America; R. H. Edwin Espy, general secretary, Student Volunteer Movement; Miss Avia Harvey, educational secretary, Woman's Auxiliary National Council Protestant Episcopal Church; Rev. Dr. Charles T. Leber, secretary, Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions; Rev. Dr. Karl Quimby, secretary, Methodist Board of Missions and Church Extension; Rev. Dr. William

P. Schell, secretary, Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions; Rev. Dr. Robert W. Searle, general secretary, Greater New York Federation of Churches; Mrs. Robert W. Searle, specialist in religious drama; Mrs. Virgil B. Sease, of the United Lutheran Church; Miss Margaret Shannon, eastern area secretary, Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions; Miss Sue Weddell, executive secretary of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America; Miss Edith Lowry, executive secretary, Home Missions Council of North America, and Secretaries T. H. P. Sailer and G. Q. LeSourd and Miss Hazel V. Orton of the Missionary Education Movement.

The Denton Organ

By Clarence Gillett of Japan

SATURDAY morning came a thrilling experience. As I've written, Dr. Zaugg from Sendai had helped install the organ and was to leave Sunday evening; so Saturday morning the chapel service at the girls' school in Doshisha was a sort of appreciation and farewell service to him. A few of us outside the girls' school were told of it and attended. The opening hymns were accompanied by the piano as usual; there was the presenting of a formal letter of appreciation with a gift and the exchange of greetings and then that whole chapel filled with girls and a few others grew silent in eager anticipation of the first note of the organ as it accompanied the singing of a hymn, the music and words of which had been composed by Dr. Zaugg.

I happened to be sitting only a seat or two from Miss Denton near the back of the chapel. For some of us the intensity of feeling and suspense was terrific. Then came that first clear resonant chord—like a bugle call from heaven. Well, I don't often weep, but I was close to it then, and Miss Denton did! Miss Clapp's eyes were full, too. How much it must have meant to her! Miss Denton leaned over to me and said, "Do you know what day this is?" to which I replied, "Yes, Washington's Birthday!" And her response was a thrilled and thrilling sob of joy, "Ye-e-s!" To think of that as the culminating moment to the faith of those who have sacrificed and given and to those who have been determined that Doshisha should have that pipe organ—the finest (though not quite the largest) in Japan; to think that Miss Denton and the rest of us should be there!

Of course I cannot give you the inspiration and thrill that came to us —from President Makino down. There will be formal ceremonies of dedication as the "Denton Organ" but surely no more meaningful moment. The organ is not fully tuned yet, but in that auditorium with its marvelous acoustic quality the music is heavenly, tremendous, touching—describe it as you like. And who can measure what it will mean down through the years to Doshisha and Japan—yes, and wider. No doubt we felt it the more just because of the unalleviable uncertainty and strain under which we live these days.

Personals

Dr. Albert Warner Dewey, head of the mission hospital of Gaziantep, Turkey, was elevated to a fellowship in the American College of Physicians which met in Boston in April for its twenty-fifth annual session. Dr. Dewey is in Turkey with his three youngest children. He is a graduate of Denver University and of its medical school. During the first World War he was a captain in the Medical Reserve Corps, serving with the A.E.F. in England and France. Except for six years under the Near East Relief, supervising and giving medical care to about five thousand orphans in Syria, Greece, and the Caucasus, he has been a missionary of the American Board since 1919. Mrs. Dewey died in Gaziantep last year.

One of the girls' dormitories of Adams College in South Africa has been named after **Miss Caroline Frost** who has served in Africa for forty years, most of the time in Adams. In April she retired from active service and is making her home in Auburndale, Mass. A graduate of Mount Holyoke College, she taught for three years in Talladega College before going to Africa; she had also taught a year in Troy, North Carolina.

Rev. and Mrs. Walter Clarence Wynn are going to Galangue, West Africa, the station opened in 1923 and supported by the Negro Congregational churches of America. They will be warmly welcomed, for the loss to the station of Rev. and Mrs. Henry McDowell on account of ill health a few years ago has been very severely felt. Mr. Wynn was born in Jensen, Florida, was graduated from Florida Agricultural and Mechanical College and from Andover Newton Theological School and is pastor of the Pond Street Baptist Church in Providence. Mrs. Wynn was educated at Emerson College and Boston University, has taught English and dramatics at Palmer Memorial Institute and for six years was in charge of dramatics at the Robert Gould Shaw House in Boston.

Miss Ivy E. Craig, back in East Africa after an extended furlough, wrote a while ago that she had been transferred from Mount Silinda, with its big Institute where she has taught for many years, to the smaller station Chikore. But she is happy over it, "Because of surrounding tillable land the native population seems closer to the station at Chikore. This will likely afford more chance for contact with the people in their homes and still give us the contact with a picked group of young people in the school."

Miss Loleta Wood of Rahuri. India, in addition to acting as head of the station school, has been moderator of the church which was without a pastor. The members have been standing by loyally. "Did some one say you can't hustle the East? The East can certainly hustle me. It is useless to order my days."

Rev. and Mrs. Alvin Scaff, new missionaries, arrived in Dansalan, P. I. in time to help with a Young People's Conference, and after that to be present at the annual mission meeting. They have found

"the universal brotherhood of Christians a more concrete reality than we had ever realized. We were received as friends and guests by otherwise strangers. We can see the Christian Church bringing them together here."

Rev. Fred Burkhardt is the new pastor at the German Congregational Church of Tacoma, Washington. He began services there on February 1. He goes from Ritzville, Washington, German Congregational Church. Mr. Burkhardt was educated in Redfield College and Seminary and was ordained in 1928. He is married and has two children.

Rev. George Eichler, who has held the pastorate of the German Congregational Church of Crook, Colorado, since 1937, has left there to accept the pastorate of the German church at Yoder, Wyoming. Mr. Eichler has also served churches in Texas and Washington. He was educated at Ft. Collins, Colorado, and was ordained in 1917. He is married.

Rev. Harold E. Baber and **Rev. Fred E. Stemme** exchanged pastorates on April 1. Mr. Baber is now the pastor of the Pilgrim Church of Denver, Colorado, and Mr. Stemme is the pastor of the church at Creede, Colorado. Mr. Baber is a native of Kansas; is married and has two children. He was ordained in 1940. Mr. Stemme was born in Chicago; is married and has two children. He was ordained in 1918.

Miss Thelma M. Flint, R.N., daughter of President Edgar M. Flint of the American College, Madura, India, has gone out to India to join the staff of the Willis F. Pierce Hospital in Madura, and a cheery letter describing the first part of her journey out has been received from Manila. As she did not leave India until the age of fourteen she probably remembers the language very well, and certainly the people and their customs. She was graduated from Wellesley College in 1935, received her R.N. from the Presbyterian Hospital two years later, and has for the past two years been on the staff of the Rochester Public Health Nursing Association.

Rev. S. Theodore Becker has left the German church at Cheyenne, Wyoming, and has accepted the pastorate of the German church at Culbertson, Nebraska. Mr. Becker is a native of South Dakota; he was educated at Redfield College and Yankton School of Theology; was ordained in 1934; and has since then held pastorates in South Dakota, Illinois and Wyoming. He is married and has a three-year-old child.

Rev. Jacob Weissenburger, pastor of the German church at Gering, Nebraska, since 1935, will leave there about June 1st to accept the pastorate of the Neuburg Parish of North Dakota. Mr. Weissenburger was ordained in 1911 and has served pastorates in South Dakota, Nebraska, Colorado, Oklahoma, Idaho and North Dakota. He received his training at Chicago Theological Seminary. He is married.

Our church at Lowry, South Dakota, reports that they are entertaining the German South Dakota State Conference when it meets on May 30th to June 1st. At the same time they will celebrate the 40th anniversary of the church and the pastor, **Rev. John Hoersch,** will celebrate the 25th anniversary of his ordination.

Chronicle

APPOINTMENTS

Miss Ellen Louise Brown of Anderson, Indiana, a missionary of the American Board designated to the West Central Africa Mission.

Henry J. Louderbough, M.D. of Waterbury, Connecticut, a missionary of the American Board designated to China.

FURLOUGHS AUTHORIZED

Rev. Lewis L. Gilbert of the North China Mission, beginning on or after July 1, 1941.

Rev. Edward S. Cobb, Mrs. Frank Cary, Mrs. Harold W. Hackett, Rev. Clarence S. Gillett, Rev. Floyd L. Roberts, Miss Marion E. Kane, and **Miss Frances B. Clapp,** of the Japan Mission.

Mrs. Earle H. Ballou, Mrs. Harry S. Martin, Mrs. Hugh L. Robinson, Mrs. Alice B. Frame, Mrs. Elmer W. Galt, and **Mrs. Mary W. Hemingway,** of the North China Mission.

Rev. and Mrs. John J. Banninga of the Madura Mission, beginning in April, 1942, with a view to retirement.

Miss Susan E. Armstrong of the Foochow Mission, beginning this spring, for health reasons.

Rev. and Mrs. Charles A. Stanley of the North China Mission, beginning this spring, for health reasons.

Miss Lucia E. Lyons of the North China Mission, beginning this spring.

Miss Florence Ridley of the Marathi Mission at the expiration of her government war service.

SAILED FOR THE FIELD

Rev. Harold S. Matthews sailed from San Francisco, April 17, returning to the North China Mission.

ARRIVALS ON THE FIELD

Rev. and Mrs. Azel A. Martin in Madura, South India, April 17, returning to the Madura Mission; **Miss Thelma M. Flint, R.N.,** joining the Madura Mission; **Rev. and Mrs. Winfield Q. Swart** en route to Ahmednagar, India.

ARRIVALS FROM THE FIELD

Rev. and Mrs. William Hazen of Sholapur, India, in New York, March 31.

Mrs. Earle H. Ballou, Mrs. Alice Browne Frame, Mrs. Harry S. Martin, Mrs. Hugh L. Robinson of North China, and **Mrs. Frank Cary** of Japan, in San Francisco, April 12.

Rev. Edward S. Cobb, Miss Esther L. Hibbard, Rev. Floyd L. Roberts of the Japan Mission, and **Mrs. Elmer W. Galt** and **Miss Annie Leuders** of North China, in San Francisco, April 26.

DEATH

Mrs. William T. Lawrence, a missionary of the American Board in East Africa 1900–1938, in Melrose, Massachusetts, April 30.

In Memoriam

George Miller Rowland. Born in Morristown, New York, December 11, 1859; graduated from Middlebury College—where, with his room-mate James L. Barton, he won the Phi Beta Kappa key—in 1883, and from Hartford Theological Seminary in 1886; ordained at Middlebury, Vermont, June 25, 1886; married five days later to Helen A. Goodrich of that college town; sailed for Japan as an appointed missionary of the American Board, September 30, 1886; located as an evangelistic or general missionary at Okayama station, 1886–90, Tottori 1890–96, Sapporo 1896–1924, Tokyo 1924–29; retired from active service September 23, 1930; died Newton Hospital, Newton Lower Falls, Massachusetts, March 13, 1941.

Such is the chronicle of Rev. George M. Rowland, (D.D., Middlebury '04), but, like many another missionary record, it needs to be clothed with flesh and blood; for though as writer and speaker Dr. Rowland never received the prominence in America that his service in Japan merited, he nevertheless brought to our Congregational Christian churches here, as well as to the Schools from which he graduated, great and lasting honor.

George M. Rowland was a man who dug deep and built well. There was nothing superficial or "showy," nothing ephemeral, in his work. He was as precise and thorough as he was conscientious in all that he did. In his task of planting and building church organizations in different parts of the Empire, he proved himself a "born teacher" whatever the subject, and those who learned of him never forgot the lesson. The Editor could easily illustrate this out of his own rare experience as a missionary recruit under Dr. Rowland years ago.

This missionary's persistent study and masterly use of the Japanese spoken language, his painstaking adherence to Japanese etiquette, his constancy in the daily grind of station administration, his uprightness and courtesy in dealing with Japanese great and small, Christian and otherwise, his control of himself in moments of tremendous strain and stress, his steadfastness in doing the right as God gave him to see the right—can those of us who lived closest to him and had the privilege of studying him at first hand ever forget such a truly Christian character and life? Out of our own rich experience with George Rowland we readily repeat with a Japanese pastor, "The secret of his success lay not in his attainment of language nor in his gift of friendliness—which we all honored—but in his deep religious life and in his spirit of consecration to the service of others."

Dr. Rowland is survived by his widow, Mrs. Helen Goodrich Rowland of Auburndale, Massachusetts; a son, Professor Paul Rowland of MacMurray College, Jacksonville, Illinois—and formerly Professor of English at the American College, Sofia, Bulgaria; and a daughter, Mrs. Harold M. Lane, wife of Professor Harold M. Lane of the Imperial University at Sapporo, Japan.

E. F. B.

A Heartening Letter — Read It, Please!

101 Tamalpais Road
Berkeley, California
April 3, 1941

My dear Dr. Bell:

Looking through THE MISSIONARY HERALD last evening I was forcibly struck by the intensely interesting and cheering character of its contents in this dark and disheartening time. The other day I took up a copy of an extremely popular magazine (for which I do *not* subscribe) and the dismal and I may say hideous effect of its frightfully realistic, but unreal, pictures, captions and advertisements left me thoroughly depressed and apprehensive.

This is not life. Or if it is it is the insanest and dreariest and most superficial side of life—life in the limelight, the theatre and the airplane.

Happily contrasted with this is life as one finds it in the pages of the HERALD—earnest, hopeful, human, creative, Christian. Reading the last number I found myself sharing in the fellowship of the Cross with Dr. Yuasa, grinning with the little New Mexico boy who gave his fifty cents to his church, delighting in the transformation of the Dust Bowl church, present at the dedication of the home in Africa, shopping with the Finns in Minnesota in their coöperative store and worshipping with them in their church, neighboring with the migrant families near Santa Rosa with my friend Wilfred Withington, and looking into the friendly and hopeful faces of our splendid missionary families—and all the rest.

This is life. This is real. This is fascinating. This is news. This gives one cheer for a better world. I would not exchange this one number of THE MISSIONARY HERALD for a five-year subscription to *Life*, *Look*, and *The Saturday Evening Post*.

It makes one proud and grateful to have a share, however slight, in this splendid work and fellowship as it is being directed in California by our Christian statesman, Harley Gill, and in other states throughout the nation by other devoted superintendents and throughout the world by our Board of Home Missions and the missionaries and secretaries of our honored and beloved American Board and depicted in the glowing pages of THE MISSIONARY HERALD.

Hail, HERALD! And Godspeed!

Yours in the Congregational Fellowship,

(Signed) JOHN WRIGHT BUCKHAM

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